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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## The Diarist Abroad.

### NOTES.

If ever a book was needed it is a carefully studied life of BEETHOVEN, founded upon thorough researches. But what a labor! He has been dead but 32 years, and yet it is exceedingly difficult to find the facts which we need to show how he became what he was. Just as he was coming into life other matters than Art engrossed the attention of men of all classes, and men recorded more of warriors and statesmen than of musicians. I have just come from hearing "Egmont" with Beethoven's music, and before I sleep upon it will make a note or two to Mr. Macfarren's sketch of him. I like that gentleman's articles, and would fain see them correct to the minutest particulars.

1. Mr. M. says the boy was remarkable for playing Bach's fugues at eight years old. Not so. Neeffe was appointed successor to Van der Eder as organist in the spring of 1781. Van der Eder lived until June, 1782. It was Neeffe who first gave Beethoven the fugues of Bach. See *Cramer's Magazine*, 1783, for Neeffe's letter.

2. The pianoforte variations of 1783 were upon a march by Dressler. Those which Beethoven played to Sterkel were upon Righini's "*Vieni amore*;" place and time at Aschaffenburg on the way to Mergentheim, in 1791,—a few months before Beethoven was 21 years of age.

3. As to Beethoven's violin studies there is no evidence of them in his childhood; in his 18th or 19th year he played viola in the orchestra.

4. He would often go to the Breuning house to attend to his pupils, and his heart failed him, &c. No. From the Breuning house he would cross the square to the Austrian Ambassador's—and his heart fail him.

5. What reason has Mr. Macfarren to suppose that Beethoven wrote the music to the ballet before his visit to Mozart? And did he receive lessons from him? I know of no evidence. Wish I did.

6. How did Beethoven receive pecuniary assistance from Bernhard Romberg at the time of his mother's death? Bernhard was born in March and Beethoven in December of the same year! Moreover the Rombergs did not come to Bonn until 1790.

7. "Mr. Schindler has a story," &c. Schindler does not say: "On Haydn's return from England in 1790"—he simply says: "*Als Haydn zuerst aus England zurück kam*"—(when Haydn came back from England the first time)—the Electoral chapel gave him a breakfast at Godesberg—and this was true. Nor does the biographer (Schindler) say that "no vestige of the Cantata remains, and that Beethoven knew nothing of the composition or of the occurrence." Not at all. Schindler's words are: "*So berichtet Dr. Wegeler. Ich selbst hörte kein Wort von Beethoven über ein solches Erstlingswerk, ohne jedoch im Mindesten zu bezweifeln.*" That

is, "Thus Dr. Wegeler informs us. I myself heard not a word from Beethoven upon such an early work,—without in the least doubting it."

Mr. Macfarren has followed some false authority here.

8. About Count Brown. Query?

9. "In 1796 he first began to suffer . . . the loss of hearing." How then did Wegeler, who was with him in 1796, in Vienna, know nothing of it? Better say in 1798.

10. "In 1797 Beethoven made his only artistic tour." Not so. On the 21st of June, 1796, he extemporized on a fugue theme of Fasch, in the Singakademie at Berlin. His tour was therefore in 1796.

11. The Horn Sonata, "five or six years later the Violin Sonata, op. 47." The Horn Sonata was written in the spring of 1800. Who will inform us when Bridgetower was in Vienna? I think in 1804—but cannot decide the point.

12. Ballet of "Prometheus"—the difficulty of obtaining the music of the action. There is no edition of this in score to my knowledge. But it can be found in full in the library of the great Vienna Society of the Friends of Music. There are two editions of a pianoforte arrangement at least, one for string quartet, and others.

13. Symphony in D (Second) written in 1801? Made three entire copies? On what authority are these statements? I ask with a sincere desire for information. Ries says it was "new" at the concert April 5, 1803—the date we get from other sources. Ries had the original score as a present, and finds it "remarkable" that much of the accompaniment of the Larghetto had been so carefully erased and rewritten that he could not find out the original idea. Of three copies not a word.

14. Mr. Macfarren adopts Schindler's mistaken date as to Julia Guicciardi's letters. She was married to Gallenberg and in Italy before June, 1806. "Lenz quotes a passage from the conversation book," &c. Lenz, so far as I know, never saw the conversation books—he prints from the second edition of Schindler himself! That he printed from this is proved by an error as to date, which, had he seen the conversation book, would not have occurred. Lenz is no authority at all.

15. In 1801 he (Beethoven) received Ries as a pupil." Ries says, "On my arrival in Vienna in 1800."

16. "Bernadotte, then ambassador at Vienna, suggested to Beethoven, in the course of 1803," the Heroic Symphony. Will the reader turn to any biographical dictionary, or any similar authority, and see where Bernadotte really was in 1803. I have yet to learn that his embassy lasted over a few months, and those months in 1798. The fact is that this symphony ran in his thoughts some five years.

17. *Leonore* was produced with the First Overture—that published as Op. 138. Not so. It was never played with that.

18. "In 1806, while corresponding with Count-

ess Guicciardi." That woman was married and in Italy before June, 1806. Schindler's date is a mistake.

19. Mr. M. dates the pianoforte Concerto in G, 1808. It was published then, but was finished before June, 1803.

20. As to Beethoven knocking Ries from his seat to the floor. Ries's own words are: "*B. kam herbei gerannt und stiess mich halb vom Clavier, schreiend, 'Wo steht das, zum Teufel?'*" That is: "B. came running up to me, half pushed me from the instrument, crying, 'Where the devil does that stand?'"

21. The overture to *King Stephen* "may perhaps be attributed" to the same date with the *Ruins of Athens* music. Is the Thematic Catalogue of Beethoven's works unknown to Mr. M? On page 99 of that work is

Op. 117. Overture zu König Stephan (Es dur) (geschrieben zur Eröffnung des Theaters in Pesth.)

Not having more of Mr. Macfarren's article at hand, I cannot add more notes.

About LUDWIG ERK? Yes. Don't you know a certain Ludwig Erk? What, the man with the big head? asked my friend.—I don't know as to his head, but the famous collector of German popular melodies, I mean, said I.—To be sure, I know him, and will introduce you to him if you wish, said he. And he did so.

This was in 1849. I found Erk a most modest, unpretending man, of middle stature, and truly with a head of remarkable size; face quite round and wearing as pleasant an expression as one often sees. Though I do not see much of him—not so much this winter as in '54-'55—still the acquaintance is kept up with advantage to both sides, I hope—each has opportunities to aid the other.

I cross-questioned some particulars of his history from him the other day, and will note them for the benefit of the great number of those at home to whom the name has become so familiar from seeing it in their sacred and secular tune-books. His father was Adam Ludwig Erk, successively cathedral organist and music teacher at Wetzlar—not far from Coblenz—then for a year (1812) at Worms, whence he removed out of hatred to the French rule, and was settled at a small village called Dreieichenhain, not far from Darmstadt. He died in 1820. Rinck used to say that Erk surpassed him in execution. He was so much of an organist that in that region of fine players—for the Catholic cities of the Rhine are not wanting in them, as may well be supposed—he used to give organ concerts with success, as at Mannheim for instance.

Well, his son Ludwig was born at Wetzlar, Jan. 6, 1807. When 13 years of age (1820) he became a pupil in the Spiesz school at Offenbach, and thus became in music scholar of Anton André. He afterward studied music with Rinck. In 1826 he was appointed music teacher in the seminary at Meurs, whence in 1835 he was called to Berlin to the same office in the Royal seminaries

for the city school—a sort of Normal School. Born in 1807, he is getting along in life now. There is not much to tell about one who has lived so quiet a life. In 1834–5 he had the lead of the teachers' festivals in the department of Düsseldorf, where from 400 to 800 teachers would assemble and do immense quantities of singing, to say nothing of the wine, beer, "butter-brods" and the like.

Erk has a choir of men's voices, some 80 strong, here in Berlin, also one of mixed voices, some 70 in number. Now this man has made the popular songs—*Volkslieder*—of Germany the study of his life. His knowledge on this subject is like that of Dr. Mason upon all that pertains to English and American psalmody—inexhaustible. And as you talk with him you think: "I should like to find something in his line that he never saw!"

I had this pleasure after getting the Boston Library books to my rooms. I invited Erk to call. "There is an old lutebook, A. D. 1574," said he, "on the catalogue, which I should gladly see," and so he came down. But what sort of notation is this! Not to be read. He took the book home. He studied upon it, and found here and there a tune which he knew, and so by little and little he worked his way into the notation. Then he set himself to reading the book through, and his labor was more than rewarded by finding a dance or two and a few song tunes that he had never seen.

Some old psalm and hymn books with music came the other day. Erk called. "Here are two that are new to me, they are not in the Royal Library. Perhaps there is something here"; after a time, "There! that is a tune I never saw so old before; the oldest was" so and so, giving the date. Happily he found material for future use in both. The mass of matter which he has collected in these long labors is immense. He has published a great deal, though generally in forms small, cheap, and suitable for popular use. His "*Volksklänge*" in six small numbers,—popular songs arranged for men's chorus, is a model. His collection of German popular songs with their original melodies, in 8vo., has not yet reached its second volume. A. W. T.

### The Handel Commemoration Festival.

At the Crystal Palace, London, June 20, 22 & 24.

#### PROGRAMME OF THE GENERAL MANAGER.

When the intention of The Sacred Harmonic Society to hold in London, in 1859, a Great Centenary Festival in commemoration of GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, was announced by Mr. Bowley, in a letter to the Members and Subscribers of the Society, it was expressly stated that the object of the Festival of 1857 was entirely preliminary and experimental. It was projected with two objects: first, to determine the best mode of commemorating Handel's genius; and, secondly, to furnish an efficient illustration of the point to which musical knowledge and practice have advanced in England at the present period.

The latter of these two objects was well alluded to by the *Times* newspaper of November 20th, 1856, in a leading article on the proposed Festival. After stating that, in a Commemoration of Handel, it is England that must lead the way, the writer proceeds:—"Taking Handel as the man whose musical influence has been most felt in this country, and through whose works we have been gradually trained into a musical people, the opportunity has been seized for calling upon England especially to testify on this occasion its enthusiasm for the man, and to rejoice over the good which he has accomplished. . . . The evidence the present plan affords of the

great advance in the cultivation of music which has been made in this country is most gratifying. . . . Now, a century after the death of the composer, it is found possible to assemble together a Chorus of 2,000 voices, a large proportion of these being simply trained amateurs, to sing the grandest music which has ever been written, in a way which was impossible when the composer lived, if not inconceivable. The difference between England now, and England then, is indeed vast."

With regard to the former object—the determination of the mode in which the Commemoration should be carried out—the Festival of 1857 was perfectly successful. It enabled the Society to ascertain the amount of duly qualified assistance, both from professors and from amateurs, which might be relied on for the Commemoration of 1859, and also to settle what arrangements and combinations of so unprecedented a number of musicians, would conduce to the most efficient performance of the great Choral Works of the Master. It also served to test and to establish the fitness of the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace as the locality for the Commemoration. At the experimental Festival little or no attempt was made to adopt even the most obvious arrangement for assisting the sound. But, notwithstanding this drawback to the effect of the Solo vocalists, as well as of the mass of the Orchestra, the vast capabilities of the Great Transept became so apparent, and its construction afforded such unrivalled conveniences of various kinds, both for audience and performers, as to settle *unequivocally* the place of meeting for 1859. It was proved that the amount of musical talent which might be secured for the Great Commemoration was as ample as the space at command was extensive; while it was placed beyond a doubt that the Choral Works of the MASTER OF MUSIC acquire greatly increased grandeur and majesty by such an addition to the number of performers.

In accordance with these conclusions the Commemoration of 1859 will be made the occasion for the largest musical gathering which, under proper arrangement and proportionate combination, has yet been witnessed. The event is one which will not occur again during the present generation; and it is, therefore, doubly imperative on all concerned to render the arrangements and the execution so perfect and so imposing that the recollection of "THE HANDEL COMMEMORATION OF 1859" may long live in the memories of those who are fortunate enough to attend it.

The preparations for the Commemoration may be said to have been continuously progressing since November 1856. From before that period and up to the present time, the Sacred Harmonic Society have been diligently collecting information respecting the performers in the various provincial Choral Societies, the Cathedral Choirs, and the Great Continental Musical Institutions. The attention of Mr. Costa has been unremittingly given to perfecting the arrangements of the coming Celebration. Those only who have had the opportunity of acquaintance with the details of such occasions can be aware of the amount of labor and anxiety which has been bestowed by Mr. Costa, on the successful accomplishment of this great undertaking. The *critiques* on the Festival of 1857 frequently referred in the highest terms of praise to the exertions of the conductor, and all who took part in those performances can testify to their justness.

The time having arrived for affording precise information respecting the arrangements for the Commemoration, the present prospectus is issued.

The Central Transept of the Crystal Palace may, for the present purpose, be considered as a great Music Hall, 360 feet long, by 216 feet wide, and containing an area of 77,760 square feet, exclusive of several tiers of galleries; a space affording accommodation for a vast orchestra and audience.

At the Festival of 1857, it was remarked by many, that the mass of performers did not produce the overpowering sound anticipated; and that notwithstanding the unparalleled grandeur of the Chorus, the tone did not completely fill

the area of the Great Transept, and might have been still further augmented with advantage.

There was no doubt some justice in this remark, and the Orchestra is therefore being extended at the sides and in front, so that the number of performers will fall little short of FOUR THOUSAND.

This enormous mass of executants has not been arbitrarily or capriciously determined upon, but is the result of careful study. It is confirmed by the judgment of many of the most celebrated musicians, musical directors, and others, who have long occupied themselves with the working arrangements of great musical Festivals; and it is now announced with perfect confidence, that the Handel Commemoration Festival of 1859 will far surpass in musical success the experiment of 1857, as the latter surpassed all previous attempts. In the minds of those who have given careful attention to this question it is a settled conviction that the large mass of performers to be employed, coupled with the acoustic improvements now for the first time to be adopted, will give a grandeur and solemnity to the music of HANDEL, which even its most enthusiastic votaries have as yet scarcely imagined. The improvements above alluded to consist mainly in a solid boarded enclosure running round the entire back of the orchestra and organ, and in a roof—after the manner of the Roman *velaria*—of a repellent material, joining the enclosure and extending forward beyond the line of the Conductor's seat. A contrivance for assisting the voices of the Solo Vocalists is also in preparation, and experiments which have been made, lead to the anticipation of the most satisfactory results from these additions.

In a place like the Crystal Palace no foundation need exist for the extraordinary fears which preceded the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, in 1784. Dr. Burney, in the Preface to his Account of the Commemoration (page xii.), says, "The effects of this amazing Band not only overset all the predictions of ignorance and sarcasm, but the conjectures of theory and experience. By some it was predicted that an orchestra so numerous could never be *in tune*; but even tuning to so noble an organ was for once grand and productive of pleasing sensations. By some it was thought that, from their number and distance, they would never play *in time*; which, however, they did most accurately. By others it was expected that the Band would be so loud, that whoever heard this performance would never hear again."

A better instance of the advance in musical practice since Dr. Burney's time could hardly be given than is furnished by the fact that the Band and Chorus which excited these fears consisted of under 500 performers—far below the number who take part in the regular performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall. But still it is remarkable that similar fears were revived the year before last in reference to the Festival at the Crystal Palace. Hundreds of persons have been met with since June, 1857, who avow that they were deterred from being present on that occasion, from the risk of being stunned. Others predicted that, from the large space occupied by the Orchestra, the sound would travel in such varying currents that no precision could be obtained; while, up to the first rehearsal in the Palace, letters and suggestions were daily offered to the Directors, respecting the precautions requisite to prevent the glass in the sides and roof of the Palace being fractured by the waves of sound as they were propelled onwards from so enormous a body of executants.

All these fears being now effectually dissipated, the anticipations of success in the forthcoming Commemoration may be the more confidently expressed.

The Orchestra will be enlarged to the full width of the Transept, viz., 216 feet, with a central depth from front to back of about 100 feet. Its extent will be more clearly appreciated when it is stated that its width is exactly double the diameter of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, or, as will be seen by the diagram appended to this announcement, that it possesses a larger area



than the combined Orchestras of Westminster Abbey (as arranged for the Commemoration of 1784); York Minster (as at the Festival of 1823); the Birmingham Town Hall; the Leeds Town Hall; St. George's Hall, Bradford; the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool; and some other smaller Orchestras.\*

But it is not from the mere *augmentation* of extent that the most favourable results are anticipated. The additions are mainly based upon a recent alteration of the Orchestra at Exeter Hall, which has been attended with the happiest effect; and every confidence is felt that these modifications in the general plan, with the acoustic improvements already adverted to, will result in greatly increased *concentration* and *unity of tone*. At the same time the appearance of the Orchestra will be materially improved by its more perfect proportions, and by the decorations which it is proposed to adopt.

When it is borne in mind that the Orchestras of some of the noblest Music Halls of the country, owing to their confined space and inconvenient arrangement, fail to produce those broad musical effects so especially needed in the Double Choruses of HANDEL, it will be apparent that an opportunity is offered at the Crystal Palace for a musical display of the most magnificent description. As a mere arena for exhibiting a large number of persons it will be without a rival; for, since the days of the Coliseum at Rome, no such assemblage as that composing the Orchestra of the Handel Commemoration Festival has been seen displayed in similar symmetrical form.

It would be a source of deep regret if it were supposed that this extension had been decided upon with the mere view to increased numbers, *irrespective of other considerations*. Such a course of procedure would be unworthy the great object of the Festival. The space usually occupied by a Choral Orchestra, in a well-proportioned Music Hall, varies from one-third to one-fourth of the entire length of the room. It is considerably within the smaller of these limits that the Orchestra at the Crystal Palace is confined, and it is therefore as much with reference to the space devoted to the audience that the number of performers has been determined, as by the musical considerations previously referred to.

(Conclusion next week.)

\*According to the diagram the Orchestra at the Crystal Palace contains about nine times the area of the stage in the Boston Music Hall. Ed.

## A Tour Among the Organs.

### No. II.

FLORENCE, MARCH 30, 1859.

MR. EDITOR: In accordance with my promise, I now send you some account of my visit to Herr WALKER'S Organ Factory at Ludwigsberg, and a description of the grand organ in Ulm Cathedral, reserving for a future letter my impressions of the famous organs in Weingarten, Berne, and Fribourg. But before proceeding with my narrative, let me call the attention of your readers to certain facts in relation to the organ now building in Germany, for our Music Hall, which may not, perhaps, be generally known. Our townsman, Dr. J. B. UPHAM, President of the Board of Directors of the Boston Music Hall, was the originator of the plan for procuring a large and first class organ for our noble concert-room, and about two years since, he visited the principal organ factories of Europe, for the purpose of obtaining specifications from the different builders, for an organ which should be in all respects the most complete and effective of its kind, and in its construction, should include every known modern improvement.

To this end, Dr. Upham made two or three journeys to Europe, but, before awarding the contract, he consulted the most eminent authorities on this subject, and thus availed himself of their valuable judgment, before making his final decision. The result was (as we already know) that Herr Walcker, of Ludwigsberg, obtained the contract, and the specification furnished by him (after certain alterations and addi-

tions had been made) was accepted. This grand organ is now in process of completion, and when finished, and placed in our Music Hall, is destined, I believe, to effect an important revolution in our general system of organ building; and more than that, I will venture to predict, that the very persons who so strenuously objected to our sending abroad for this instrument, on the ground of their entire faith in the competency of our own workmen, will yet discover that they were in error in supposing that our organ builders, enterprising, and capable as they are, could favorably compete with their elder and more experienced European brethren, in some at least of the most important details of organ building. These prefatory remarks having been made, I will now proceed with my narrative.

Ludwigsberg is a small but pretty town, three leagues from Stuttgart, and was, until a few years past, a favorite residence with the king of Wurtemberg, and his court. It contains a superb palace, with a villa, or farm belonging to it, and extensive gardens and grounds, tastefully ornamented. At the farther extremity of the town, is the Organ Manufactory of Herr Walcker, a large and commodious building, containing a greater variety of work rooms, than are usually found in such establishments. The principal room on the ground floor contains a small but powerful steam engine, which is used for a great variety of purposes, such as the sawing, planing, and preparing the material for manufacturing wooden pipes, cutting out trackers, of various lengths, &c. &c. The next apartment contains the furnaces for melting the pipe metal, which is afterwards run into sheets of different lengths, and degrees of thickness; these are then taken to an adjoining room, planed smooth, cut into the required form, and finally manufactured into pipes. The finishing process (the voicing), perhaps the most important work in the art of organ building, is superintended by Herr Walcker in person, and in his absence, by his eldest son, who, although quite a young man, already uses his *nicking* instruments with a degree of skill and quickness worthy of his father.

On entering the counting room, or office, the first object which attracted my attention, was a small, but accurate model, of the interior of the Boston Music Hall, which I understood was made expressly for Herr Walcker, that he might know the shape and size of the building, its capacity for sound, and the exact position which the new organ is to occupy. In two large rooms on the second story, are stored the finished portions of the Boston organ. The first room was literally filled with pipes of various lengths and sizes, from the gigantic 32 feet pipe, down to that of the diameter of a quill, and perhaps some four or six inches in length. A certain proportion of these pipes are made of wood, others of pure tin, or the ordinary pipe metal, and after a careful examination of specimens from the different registers, I was entirely satisfied in my own mind that this important portion of the work was carefully and thoroughly made, and fully able to stand the task of the severest criticism. In the adjoining room were stored other portions of the organ, such as the bellows, wind chests and wind trunks, and here, again, I found the workmanship, even in its minutest detail, properly and faithfully performed.

Towards the conclusion of my visit, Herr Walcker took me into a large and lofty apartment, on the first floor, resembling the exhibition or show rooms in our principal organ factories, and showed me a first class Church Organ with three manuals, and an independent Pedal Organ of five registers. This instrument I examined very carefully, and though only partially completed, and but roughly tuned, yet, I saw and heard enough to convince me that Herr Walcker possessed very great abilities as an organ builder, and though his *reeds* may not in all instances, equal the best English specimens, his *flue* work must be con-

sidered, as yet, unsurpassed in Europe; therefore I have no hesitation in declaring my belief, that the Boston organ will prove itself to be a grand, effective, and, in the fullest sense of the term, a magnificent instrument, worthy of the great fame of its builder, worthy of our noble concert room, satisfactory to the subscribers to the organ fund, and the musical public generally, and a crowning monument to the zeal, energy, and good judgment of its projector, Dr. Upham. In my previous communication, I commented somewhat at length upon the subject of Swell organs, and called your attention to the fact that this important department is at present almost unknown in Germany; and it now occurs to me, that, perhaps some of your readers may infer, that the Boston organ will be deficient in this particular. If so, I beg to inform them that this instrument will have a first class Swell of about eighteen stops, the second manual being retained for that special purpose.

(Conclusion next week.)

## Joseph Joachim at Brussels.

(Translated for the London Musical World.)

*Concerts de L'Association.*—Herr Joseph Joachim.—Happy were those who were able to penetrate, on Saturday, into the Salle de la Grande Harmonie. They spent an evening they will always remember: they experienced feelings of the most lively and complete delight that the divine art of music can cause those who have the felicity to love it. The Association was desirous of concluding with *eclat* its series of concerts. Having previously secured the co-operation of the most skilful *virtuosi* in the country, it was not quite sure what course it could pursue to offer fresh material for the satisfaction of public curiosity. It hit upon the notion of summoning to its aid a great foreign artist: Herr Joachim. The young and celebrated German violinist eagerly responded to the fraternal appeal. On the appointed day, and at the appointed hour, he arrived from Hanover, where he resides; thus keeping, with scrupulous punctuality, his disinterested engagement. The hall was crowded, for great interest was excited by the appearance of a new star on our musical horizon. We will pass over the first pieces in the programme, to return to them afterwards, and come at once to Beethoven's concerto, which formed, even before it was played, the subject of general attention. Before paying its homage to the talent it was; ere long, to be enabled to appreciate, the audience discharged a debt of politeness, by saluting, with a long salvo of applause, Herr Joachim, directly he took possession of the platform: silence was then established, and the orchestra played the *tutti* of the concerto.

If we are asked what are the qualities of the *virtuoso* which Herr Joachim possesses, we answer, without hesitation: *all*. What about his weak points, though? We have not discovered them, although we had decided on judging the talent of the German violinist without undue favor, or an exclusive intention of admiring him. The tone Herr Joachim obtains from the instrument is of the most beautiful quality, pure, soft, and possessing that absolute correctness which, to speak the truth, is so rare, and which completely satisfies the ear. One violinist excels in the skill of his left hand; another, by the magical dexterity with which he "bows." Herr Joachim possesses both these qualities developed in an equal degree, and it may safely be affirmed that, for him, mechanical difficulty has no existence. For variety in his "bowing," as well as for that of the effects of sonority depending on the manner of attacking the string, he is incomparable. What people admire in Herr Joachim, is not so much the unvarying perfection of his play, and the marvellous facility with which he solves the most complicated problems of mechanism, as the deep feeling which animates him, and the knowledge he possesses of musical coloring. The sounds which vibrate under his eloquent bow are not notes; they are the words of a language—of a most rich and most expressive language; each one has a peculiar accent: each one has a sense in keeping with the thoughts of the master whose interpreter it is. If Beethoven were still living, and heard Herr Joachim execute his Concerto, he would, we feel certain, exclaim, "That is, indeed, my work; that is what I wanted to express!"

There is one thing in Herr Joachim above all praise, and that is the complete absence of that charlatanism of which the most famous *virtuosi* have a certain dose. He does not seek the means of mere display, and does not have recourse to the plans

usually employed to wring applause from the public. All other violinists think it is not possible to be expressive, or to achieve success, for it is success which most engages their attention, except by anticipating and retarding alternately the measure, and carrying the vibration of the string almost to trembling, by an oscillation of the finger. Herr Joachim possesses in his rhythm the precision of a metronome; he produces the sound with his bow, as a good singer does with his voice, without imparting to it the intensity of a fictitious vibration, and yet no one touches or moves us more profoundly. His broad and powerful play, grand from its simplicity, seizes on the hearer so irresistibly, that it would be impossible for the latter to be inattentive, supposing he wished to be so. During the whole time occupied by the performance of Beethoven's Concerto, in which Herr Joachim displayed miracles of sentiment and mechanical skill, the two thousand persons assembled to hear him were no longer their own masters; they were subjected to a kind of fascination. Never, as far as we know, did an artist command so imperiously the attention of his audience.

Does the reader desire a proof of the conscientiousness which distinguishes Herr Joachim from other virtuosi? He shall have it. Herr Joachim once introduced into the *point d'orgue* of Beethoven's Concerto a cadence terminated by a *trait en octave*, which caused an extraordinary effect. People spoke only of this cadence; it was the event of the evening wherever he played. This success wounded his feelings of artistic probity; he considered it unbecoming that people should be more taken up with the skill of the executant than with the beauties of the music, and the cadence was suppressed. Should we find many other violinists who would do as much?

The second piece played, the same evening, by Herr Joachim, was Tartini's *Sonate du Diable*, so called by its author from the fact of his composing it after a dream, in which Satan appeared provided with a violin, and regaled him with an air in his own style, and of which Tartini endeavored to recollect the principal features when he awoke. Herr Joachim played the *Sonate du Diable* like a god. We give up, as hopeless, all endeavor to convey a notion of the enthusiasm which burst forth among the audience after each of the pieces executed by Herr Joachim. We do not remember ever having seen any other artist applauded with such transport. The violinist thus received in the native land of De Beriot, Viennetemps, Léonard, etc., has a right to be proud of his success.

The day after the concert, a piece of good fortune happened to us. We were invited to hear Herr Joachim at a private party. We felt pleased at being able to subject our first impressions to the control of a second proof, and at assuring ourselves we had not yielded too easily to the charm of new talent. Herr Joachim did not spare himself; he performed in a quartet by Beethoven, and in a sonata by the same master, with M. Dupont for partner; he then played a *chaconne* and a *fugue* by Bach. His hearers found him a greater artist than on the previous evening—more powerful, more varied, more complete. All those who were privileged to be present at this interesting meeting retired penetrated with impressions which will with difficulty be effaced from their memory. Herr Joachim is eight-and-twenty. Born in Hungary, he began his musical studies in Vienna, and terminated them at Leipzig, under the direction of that excellent violinist and composer, Herr David. He is, at the present time, director of the Court Concerts, Hanover. X. X.

### The Privileges of Criticism.

There is something anomalous in the self-adjusting rules of praise and censure, as applied to the various developments of genius or Art. Commendation, applause, puff, enjoy a license that is limited by nothing but the powers of language; while censure has no liberty of speech. It matters not that usually a portion, and often a large portion, of praise is undeserved; and that censure is at least as often well founded; the popular voice seems to assent to approbation and to condemn fault-finding—each, as a matter of course, without reference to facts. In other words, the alleged merits of a thing may be extolled without truth or discrimination, and no one disapproves; no one thinks that the puffer is actuated by any other than generous, honest motives—if, indeed, any one thinks of his motives at all. But the moment that a discriminating, analytical, candid exhibition of faults appears—no matter how carefully written, how logically presented, and how unanswerably true—the readers become virtuously indignant, denounce the critic as a persecutor, and assail the unworthiness of his motives, it being a point settled, in their judgments, that the motives of praise are necessarily good, and the motives of censure necessarily bad.

If this were the end of the matter little harm would come of it. If the mistakes of the readers of criticism were limited to an exhibition of their own want of judgment, who would be the worse or the wiser? But the office of criticism is to discriminate the good from the bad; to commend the one and condemn the other; and to do this in such a manner that the praise and censure shall be obviously founded on the facts of the case, and not on the prejudices of the critic. To dissent, therefore, from a sound verdict of criticism, is to uphold an error that criticism ought to correct. To approve what criticism condemns, or condemn what it approves, is to deal unwisely and unjustly with the person or the thing criticized.

Criticism is not, indeed, necessarily just. It may be quite as faulty as the subjects it discusses. It, like those subjects, must stand or fall by its own merits. But the difficulty with a certain portion of the public seems to be that they estimate a criticism by its tone and not by its qualities. They accept it if complimentary, and reject it if censorious. They see a good motive in praise, and a bad motive in censure; and the fact of a bad motive—the existence of which is wholly assumed—is conclusive against a criticism. Nevertheless, a criticism in which nothing is bad but the writer's motives, will probably live as long as its subject.

The term "friendly" cannot properly be applied to laudatory criticism. Undeserved praise is not friendly; it is flattery. And does any one believe that flattery is friendly? Criticism which discriminates between faults and merits, and gives to each appropriate exposure and comment, is the only criticism that can be called "friendly"; and it is friendly, even though it be exclusively censorious. Solomon disposed of that question long ago, in setting forth the benefit of the rod. And although a critic does not stand quite in the relation of a father to the subject of his comments, the ability to criticize does give a critic a constructive and provisional authority to speak magisterially.

When, therefore, an artist or an author finds himself rebuked, his better course is to take it patiently, and endeavor to profit by the suggestions of his critic. But if he or his "friends" set about investigating the critic's "motives," and indignantly rush into a controversy, it is ten to one they will get the worst of it. — N. Y. Eve. Post.

### Neukomm's "David" in Philadelphia.

(From the Evening Bulletin, May 12.)

Among the five hundred and twenty-four vocal, and the two hundred and nineteen instrumental compositions of the Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm, the Oratorio of "David" stands prominently forth as a palpable illustration of how an industrious and plodding musician, without remarkable genius, may make an enduring "hit," on the "try, try again" principle. *David* is by no means a great work, theoretically considered,—a sort of *Traviata* among the *Messiahs*, the *Elijahs*, and the *Creations* of the classical oratorio repertoire,—abounding in pleasant, tasteful *moreaux*, with ever and anon a fine dramatic point, and at intervals perchance a well devised and satisfactorily developed chorus. It is almost superfluous to add that, with characteristics such as these, this is emphatically an Oratorio for the million, which pleases the great masses by dint of its martial effects, its stone-whizzing, thunder-rumbling imitations, and its tastefully wrought orchestral accompaniments, but which connoisseurs regard merely as an agreeable recreation after arduous study, not altogether to be despised, but by no means up to their Handel, Mendelssohn, and Haydn standard. The fugues which occur during the progress of this work, are scarcely calculated to infuse the auditor with an enthusiastic glow of admiration, or to afford a subject for earnest study; but the charming instrumental solo symphonies, which precede many of the vocal parts, are sufficient to stamp their composer as a man of exquisite natural taste and genial feeling—invariably suggesting, moreover, in their flowing rhythm and spontaneously gushing melody, the intimate relation which Neukomm bore to the illustrious Joseph Haydn.

The performance of this popular oratorio by our own Handel and Haydn Society, on Tuesday evening last, was, in most respects, as satisfactory as might have been expected from a first rendition,—although there were individual portions which caused sensitive musicians to contract their brows, and to glance around to acquaintances near at hand, with a dubious oscillation of the head. The majority of the choruses were rendered with power and precision; but there were instances when the lines faltered and wavered with the consciousness of insufficient rehearsal. The solos were generally well rendered, and suitably applauded, and the two ladies who severally personated Saul's Daughter and David's sister, confirmed

the favorable impressions which former efforts of theirs have created in our music-loving community. So, too, the Tenor, who vocalized the score of David, and the Bass, who personated that "high old fellow" Goliath, acquitted themselves very well—the latter occasionally wandering slightly from the pitch, but, *peccati conscius*, invariably righting himself.

The part of Saul was most admirably rendered by the Conductor of the Society, Mr. Philip Rohr, against the fearful odds of a turbulent orchestra, which played sadly out of tune during almost the entire oratorio, and which seriously marred the effect of some of the finest passages.

The favorite chorus "Daughters of Israel," drew forth an enthusiastic encore, while during the really effective composition which constitutes the finale of the oratorio, the audience walked out with its wonted bad taste, its shuffling, scraping of feet, and careless tittering.

The house, crowded as it was, even on a cheerless, murky night, evidenced clearly the prominent place occupied by the Handel and Haydn Society in the esteem of our music-loving population.

HANDEL'S ORGAN MUSIC.—We announced duly some time ago that Mr. Best, our capital organ-player, was busy over an arrangement of Handel's *Six Grand Organ Concertos*, in which the orchestral parts were to be so compressed as to present the *Concertos* in the form of grand *Solos* for the organ. Here is the work (Novello), fulfilling richly the promise of the prospectus. If examined side by side with the original scores it will raise Mr. Best in the estimation of all lovers of Handel and of the organ. The *Concertos*, as they originally stood, were useless, for reasons easily stated. The organs on which Handel played, and for which he wrote, were poor and limited, without pedals even. Therefore, as Handel had the habit belonging to every great genius and real artist of making any material suffice, and turning what he could get to account, he filled up the (quasi) flimsy organ part with such orchestral supports as were to be got,—trusted to his own flow of fancies for the moment (and in Handel's day creation and amplification, as well as "interpretation," were expected of the *Concerto*-player),—and thus managed out of his own rich ideas, his poor means, and his commanding personality to make up a series of works which, as Burney says (quoted by Mr. Best in the Introduction), furnished their "entire subsistence to English players during thirty years." We are not, however, on the strength of these facts, which are "accidentals" not "essentials," disposed to go the length of Mr. Best, who leans to the authority of M. Berlioz, in maintaining that organ and orchestra cannot be happily combined. If organ be accompanied, peculiar instruments must be chosen,—but we can fancy even such a *Boomerang* as the one in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, which Mr. Best makes speak so well, relieved and set off, were a weight of stringed instruments added in suitable passages, so as to cut out—and, in certain phrases, to lighten—the masses of pompous sound by the admixture of pungency. This, however, is matter for dispute, proposed because a principle has been laid down. It will hardly be disputed that Mr. Best has done his work well,—carrying it out to the point (as usage and precedent ordain) of writing *cadenzas* for the use of our degenerate folk of modern time, who have availed themselves of the pedantry of critics to lay by one of the *solo*-player's most precious responsibilities—namely, that he should show *his own* musical power. Mr. Best's *cadenzas* are reasonable, thoughtful,—too much worked,—in this resembling the *cadenzas* published by Prof. Moscheles to Beethoven's *Concerto*,—and too much, to our fancy, modulated: considering that the Organ is the instrument which has to be *cadenced* on. After all is said and done, however, here is a sterling contribution to the Handel interest of the Handel year. — London Athenæum.

(From the Cleveland Plaindealer.)

ARTEMAS WARD SEES PICCOLOMINI.—Gents—I arrived in Cleveland on Saturday P. M., from Baldinsville just in time to fix myself up and put on a clean billed rag to attend Miss Picklehorny's grate musical sorry at the Melodeon. The crowds which pored into the hall augured well for the show bisnis & with cheerful sperrits I joined the enthusiastic throng. I asked Mr. Strakhosh at the door if he parst the profession, and he set not much he didn't, whereupon I hawt a preserved seat in the pit, and observing to Mr. Strakhosh that he needn't put on so many French airs becawz he run with a big show, and that he'd better let his weskut out a few inches or perhaps he'd bust hisself some fine day, I went in and squatted down. It was a sad thawt to think that in all that vast audience Scarcely a Sole had the



Don Giovanni.

13

*f a tempo.* *p* *Recit.* *a tempo Recit.*

*a tempo.* *Recit.* *a tempo.* *Recit.* *a tempo.*

*f* *p*

*Maestoso.* *f* *Recit.*

*p* *Andante.* *f*

*Recit.* *f*

*Allegro.* *f* *p*

*mf* *p*

## Don Giovanni.

cre - scen - do.

*f p*

*cres.* *mf* *p*

*f* *f* *Recit.*

*Maestoso.* *Adagio in tempo.* *Tempo 1mo.*

*p* *f p*

This page contains eight systems of musical notation for piano accompaniment. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), and 'cres.' (crescendo). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a minor key, as indicated by the key signature and the overall mood of the piece.

No. 3.  
Terzetto.  
Ah! chi mi  
dis ce mai.

*Allegro.*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time, marked *Allegro*. The piano part is characterized by a driving, rhythmic accompaniment, often using triplets and sixteenth notes. The vocal parts enter in the second system. The score includes various dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cres.* (crescendo), and *fp* (fortissimo piano). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the eighth system.



honor of my acquaintance. " & this ere," sed I biturly, "is Fame! What signerly my wax figers and livin wild beasts (which have no ekals) to these peple? What do they care becawz a site of my Kangaroo is worth double the price of admission, and that my Snakes is as harmilis as the new born babe—all of which is strickly troo?" I shoold have gone on ralein at Fortin and things sum more but just then Signer Maccarony cum out and sung a hairey from sum opy or other. He had on his store close & looked putty slick, I must say. Nobody didn't understand nothin abowt what he sed and so they applawded him versiferusly. Then Signer Brignoly cum out & sung another hairey. He appeared to be in a Pensiv Mood & sung a Lavy song I spose, tho he may have bin cussin the aujence all into a heap for aut I knowd. Then cum Mr. Maccarony agin & Miss Picklehomony herself. They sang a Doit together.

Now you know, gentz, that I don't admire opy music. But I like Miss Picklehomony's stile. I like her gate. She suits me. There has been grater singers and there has bin more bootful wimin, but no more fassinatin young female ever longed for a new gone or side to place her head agin a vest pattern than Maria Picklehomony. Fassinatin peple is her best holt. She was born to make hash of men's buzzums and other wimin mad becawz they ain't Picklehomonies. Her face sparkles with amazin cussedness and about 200 (two hundred) little bit of funny devils air continually dancin champion jigs in her eyes, said eyes bein brite enuff to lie a pipe by. How I shoold like to hav little Maria out on my farm in Baldinsville, Injany, where she cood run in the tall grass, wrastle with the boys, cut up strong at parin bees, make up faces behind the minister's back, tie auction bills to the skoolmaster's coat tails, set all the fellers crazy after her, & holler & kick up, and go it jest as much as she wanted to! But I diegres. Every time she cum canterin out I grew more and more delited with her. When she bowed her hed I bowed mine. When she powtid her lips I powtid mine. When she larfed I larfed. When she jerked her head back and took a larfin survey of the audience, sendin a broadside of sassy smiles in among 'em, I tried to unfint myself & kollapse. When, in tellin how she dremt she lived in Marble Halls, she sed it tickled her more than all the rest to dream she loved her feller still the same, I made a effort to swallow myself; but when, in the next song, she looked strate at me and called me her Dear, I wildly told the man next to me that he mite hav my close, as I shoold never want 'em agin no more in this world. [The Plain Dealer containin this communcashun is not to be sent to my famerly in Baldinsville under no circumstanses whatsoever.]

In conclushun, Maria, I want you to do well. I know you air a nice gal at hart & yu must get a good husband. He must be a man of branes and gumpshun & a good provider—a man who will luv yu strong and long—a man who will luv yu jest as much in your old age, when your voice is cracked like an old tea kittle & yu can't get 1 of your notes discounted at 50 per cent a month, as he will now when you are young & charmin & full of music, sunshine & fun. Don't marry a snob, Maria. Yu ain't a Angel, Maria, I'm glad of it. When I see angels in pettycoats I'm always sorry they haint got wings so thay kin quietly fly off where thay will be appreciated. You are a woman, & a mighty good one too. As for Maccarony, Brignoly, Mullenhuller and them other fellers, they can take cair of themselves. Old Mac kin make a comfortable livin choppin cord wood if his voice ever givs out, & Amodio looks as tho he mite succed in conductin sum quiet toll gate, where the rattles would be plenty & the labor lite.

I am preparin for the Summer Campanee. I shall stay in Cleveland a few days and proply you will hear from me agin ear I leave to once more becum a tosser on life's tempestuose billers, meaning the Show Bisnis. Very Respectively Yours.

ARTEMAS WARD.

**A NOVEL MUSICAL PROJECT.**—We learn from Mr. Franz Schlotter, a well-known musician of this city, that he has in contemplation a series of musical entertainments offering unusual attractions to the musical student or professor, as well as to the general music-loving public. Mr. Schlotter, who shortly leaves for Europe, to complete his arrangements, proposes to revive here, in a regular progression, specimens of the musical compositions of the earlier masters, commencing with the works produced in the tenth century, and carrying us down to those of the nineteenth. The antiquated compositions will be performed upon the very instruments for which they were first written. For instance, the old "well-tempered clavicord" will be used to interpret such of Bach's works as that master wrote for that instru-

ment, and this plan will be fully carried out in other instances. Many curious instruments, now never heard, will thus be brought out once more, and the present generation can thus form a strictly correct idea of the music which our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers and their ancestors, delighted in. These musical performances will be connected by short historical and biographical sketches of the composers and their times. A project that offers such refreshing novelty, and promises to be carried out on such an extensive scale, certainly deserves the attention of the musical public.—*Evening Post.*

**MISS WARD, THE PRIMA DONNA.**—A *Muscovite Nobleman and his Yankee Bride.*—The musical world has been occupied with the *debut* of Madame Guerrabella, who is the daughter of a former American Consul to Liverpool, Mr. Ward. She is, like all her fair countrywomen, remarkable for great beauty. Her history is peculiar. On the death of the Consul, Mrs. Ward left for Italy, in order to complete the musical education of her daughter. At Rome, the beauty and talents of the young lady attracted the attention of a young Russian nobleman, the Count Guerbel. As no other proposition but marriage was admissible, the Count demanded Miss Ward's hand, and they were privately married at Rome. A short time afterwards the bridegroom disappeared; and, after the most heartrending anxiety on the part of the deserted wife and her mother, news was received of his return to Russia; and when applied to for explanation of his extraordinary conduct, he returned for answer that he considered himself a free man, not having been married in the Greek church, and that Miss Ward was also at liberty to marry whom she pleased, without any fear of molestation from him. The bitterness and indignation with which this communication was received can be well imagined; but the American mother was not to be put down by threats or contempt—she immediately set forth with her daughter for St. Petersburg. There the American consul taking the matter in hand, laid the case before the Emperor Nicholas, who, immediately sending for the Count, after administering a reprimand, declared it his imperial will that the marriage should be immediately performed in the imperial chapel of the palace. This was accordingly done, and Miss Ward became the Countess of Guerbel to all intents and purposes; but the ceremony over, she withdrew nor would she ever apply for one farthing of the income which the Count durst not, for the life of him, withhold from her, should she insist upon claiming it. The Yankee ladies must somewhat have surprised the Muscovite gentleman.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Portuguese Hymn.

Mr. Dwight:—The "Diarist," in Vol. 14, p. 321 of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, is right, as to the authorship of the popular tune known as "The Portuguese Hymn." It was composed by JOHN READING in 1680. In Mr. Vincent Novello's collection of beautiful music, called "Home Music," is the following note appended to this tune:

"John Reading was a pupil of Dr. Blow, (the master of Purcell) and was first employed at Lincoln Cathedral. He afterwards became organist to St. Johns, Hackney, and finally of St. Dunstons in the West, and St. Mary Woolnotte, London. He published, towards the end of the seventeenth century, a collection of anthems of his own composition, and his productions are generally esteemed for their tastefully simple melodies and appropriately natural harmonies. This piece obtained its name of "The Portuguese Hymn," from the accidental circumstance of the Duke of Leeds, who was a director of the Concert of Ancient Music, many years since, (about the year 1785) having heard the hymn first performed at the Portuguese Chapel; and he, supposing it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal, introduced the melody at the Ancient Concerts, giving it the title of "The Portuguese Hymn," by which appellation this very favorite and popular tune has ever since been distinguished: but it is by no means confined to the choir of the Portuguese Chapel, being the regular Christmas Hymn, 'Adeste Fideles,' that is sung in every Catholic Chapel throughout England."

The above is undoubtedly the paragraph referred to by the "Diarist," as being found in Novello's *Musical Times*. My copy of that work is not at hand, at the moment of writing, but my impression corresponds with that of the "Diarist." There is a copy of Reading's Anthems above referred to in the Library of The Harvard Musical Association. The following is a copy of the title page:—

"By Subscription, A Book of new Anthems containing a Hundred Plates, fairly Engraven with a Thorough Bass, figured for the Organ or Harpsichord, with proper Ritornels, By John Reading, Organist of St. John's, Hackney; Educated in the Chapple Royal, under the late Famous Dr. John Blow."

Strangely enough this volume is lettered on the back as "Blow's Anthems," and on the side as Dr. BLOW'S ANTHEMS. F. F. H.

## Music Abroad.

London.

(From the Athenaeum, April 23.)

The Halls of St. James, St. Martin, and Exeter—not to speak of the Hanover Square Rooms, in which the *Amateur Society* met on Monday, have had "the call" during this lively week. On Monday there was yet another Mendelssohn night. This set yet another seal on the increasing reputation of Herr Wieniawski who led the concerted music, and brought forward one of our London pianists, whom we hear too seldom—Mr. L. Sloper.

On Tuesday and Wednesday St. James's Hall was miscellaneous; on Thursday, sacred.

On Tuesday, at Mr. Hullah's meeting, displaced from its usual Wednesday, a capital performance of 'Elijah' was given. Whether that adopted master-work was ever performed, or heard, in England with truer relish may be doubted. The orchestra and chorus were good,—Madame Rudersdorff was singing her best, and hers is always the singing of a skilled musician,—Miss Palmer and Mr. Wilbye Cooper continue to show the progress which relieves concert-listening from its wearisomeness,—since when rising artists love their work and improve, great is the pleasure to attend their progress upwards. Mr. Santley's *Elijah*, again, deserves express commendation for its advance in breadth, grandeur, warmth, and solemnity.

On Wednesday there was the usual 'Messiah' at Exeter Hall,—a meeting, too, of the *Réunion des Arts*. On Thursday Miss Grace Alleyn gave her concert. To-day's concert at the Crystal Palace is to be devoted to the settings of Shakspeare to music. What a monograph could be written on this subject!—one to be commended to every lecturer on "pictures, taste, and the musical glasses."

By way of closing our notes on so curious a concert week, we may copy a statement from the *Morning Post*, which mentions that "the great" 'Passions Musik' of Sebastian Bach is to be performed at the Palace this evening, in the presence of *Her Majesty*, 'Judas Maccabeus' is to be sung to-night at the Surrey Theatre.

Mr. Gye, it is announced, has engaged Madame Penco for the *Royal Italian Opera*. Miss Thomson, the young English lady, whose singing in Paris not long ago made some sensation, is advertised as about to come to London for the season. Herr Formes is coming back from America. Madame Czillag, who has been for some time a leading lady at the Vienna Opera, is about to adventure on the stage of the *Grand Opéra* at Paris. There is absolutely a talk there, say some of the journals, of reviving Gluck's 'Armide.' Should this be a measure seriously contemplated, it were wise to place the revival under the superintendence of M. Berlioz, whose study and admiration of the master are notoriously zealous.

GLASGOW.—The *Daily Bulletin* writes as follows:—In the course of a provincial tour, Dr. Mark and his Little Men paid the city a visit yesterday. They performed three times in the City Hall, and were greeted with the warmest enthusiasm. It is no small treat of itself to see a little fellow performing on the violin some of the most difficult passages, in size a third shorter than a violoncello! Merely to witness the precocity of youth in music when under the care of such a teacher as Dr. Mark, the "Little Men" are worth hearing. They perform with a precision in regard to time almost perfect, and the tones produced by all on their respective instruments are as true as they are distinct and clear. The public ap-

pearances of these little fellows must not be mistaken in their object. Dr. Mark's intention is less to amuse than instruct. He wishes to show that the art of music has a wider mission than the schools have yet assigned it. With an energy and a self-will almost equal to a Howard, he has tried to demonstrate, that, under proper tuition, youths taken at random may be made first-rate musicians. Assuming that all have the gifts of time and tune, he labors, and has done, with great success to develop them. In a programme before us, Dr. Mark lays down a few philosophical beliefs, and then introduces us to how he has set about putting these into practice. He has established an institution in Manchester—"The Royal College of Music,"—and thus engages his Little Men:—"I take them from five to nine years of age, indiscriminately; availing myself of native talent only. I apprentice them for three years. During that time I give them a sound musical and general education, clothe and keep them, all gratuitously; receiving merely, as a *quid pro quo*, their services in performing at my concerts." They are all total abstainers, and, judging from the active, modest, and mannerly appearance of the little men on the platform, they are well trained. Dr. Mark further tells us that his object is to teach the boys how to blend music with general education, and also with their future occupation as apprentices. To those who have seen, or who may yet see them, we may mention how they have been drilled. They rise in summer between six and seven o'clock; in the winter between seven and eight o'clock. They have to attend prayers at eight o'clock; breakfast at half-past eight; from nine to twelve writing and reading, dictation and arithmetic, theory and practice of music; from twelve to one they have a play-hour to themselves; from one to two, dinner; from two to five, same as from nine to twelve, except an afternoon concert; from five to six they have another play-hour; from six to seven, tea; from seven to ten, evening concert, and when they leave the concert-room they have their supper, say their prayers, and go to bed. That the little fellows do not count this too hard work, is seen in their affection for their teacher. With scarce enough of physical energy to tune their instruments, the violinists surround him, eager who is to be served first; and on his smile or his frown evidently depends their pleasure for a day. The doctor seldom does the latter—he seldom needs, indeed, for the behavior of the little fellows is beyond praise. We may mention that they are all vocalists as well as instrumentalists—Dr. Mark develops the musician thoroughly. Miss Ada Perry is a young pianist of great promise, and her performance of "Home, Sweet Home," yesterday, was very pretty. With an enthusiasm equal to that of Jullien, Dr. Mark claims the support of all who would wish to see music a branch of national education.

### Paris.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World, April 23.)

Donizetti's *Les Martyrs*, under the Italian title of *Poliuto* (at the Royal Italian opera it was called *I Martiri*), has been produced at the Italiens with undeniable success, thanks, in a great measure, to Tamberlik's splendid singing and fine acting. Madame Penco, too, is heard to decided advantage in Paolina, although the character is of too severe a cast for her sympathies, if not too exacting for her physical means. The heroine of Pierre Corneille's tragedy, indeed, demands all the power and tragic instincts of Grisi. When *Les Martyrs* was first produced at the Grand-Opéra, in 1840, the three principal parts were assigned to Madame Dorus-Gras, MM. Duprez and Massol. The lady was out of her element, and the opera obtained but a questionable success. Strange to say, no one referred the partial failure to Madame Dorus-Gras's histrionic incompetence. Pauline was one of Rachel's sublimest impersonations, and is only suited to an artist with high tragic powers. Madame Jullienne-Dejean attempted the part at Covent Garden, and exhibited a great deal of energy, but was far from the *beau idéal* of Donizetti's Paolina. The music of *Poliuto* was composed expressly for the great French tenor, Adolphe Nourrit, who himself selected the subject of the *libretto*; but, after it had been rehearsed at the San Carlo, Naples, for which theatre it was intended, the Government forbade the performance. Nourrit never played the part, nor lived to witness the immense effect created in it by his celebrated rival, Duprez. Tamberlik, by all accounts, is the nearest approach to the great French tenor. I heard him the first night at the Italiens. He sang splendidly, and was in his finest voice. *Poliuto* has proved one of the most eminent successes of the season, and the management has cause to lament that it was not brought out sooner. *Athalie* has been revived at the Théâtre-Français, with new choruses, by

M. Jules Cohen. In alluding to this work, the Parisian journals seem to have overlooked the fact that Mendelssohn wrote choral music to Racine's *Athalie*. Is this French ignorance, or lack of veneration? Hector Berlioz has written a letter to Tamberlik, apropos of his performance of Manrico in the *Trovatore*, and it has found its way into some of the papers. It is too characteristic not to send it for insertion in the *Musical World*. I transcribe it in the vernacular:—

"Mon cher Tamberlik,—J'ai été si malade ces jours-ci, que je n'ai pu aller vous serrer la main, vous remercier, vous dire à peu près toutes les émotions que j'ai éprouvées, comme tout votre auditoire, en vous entendant dans le *Trovatore*. Jamais vous ne m'avez paru si véhément dans la passion, si irrésistible dans la tendresse, si puissant, si grand, en un mot. "Certes, si vous veniez, à tort ou à raison, à vous croire près de votre dernière heure, vous auriez le droit (pardon de la comparaison, *Caro imperatore del canto*) de dire comme Néron: *Qualis artifex pereo!* "Adieu, adieu, je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur!"

"HECTOR BERLIOZ."

Apropos of Tamberlik, the Emperor sent him a magnificent jewelled snuff-box after singing at a concert in the Tuileries a few days since. Alboni, after singing at Rouen, has gone to Havre. At both places she is an immense favorite.

VIENNA.—Mr. Swift, the English tenor, has been engaged at the Imperial Theatre, as *primo tenore assoluto*, to replace Signor Bettini. Mademoiselle Fioretti will be the *prima donna*, and Signor Coletti first barytone.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 21, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the opera, *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Piano-Forte.

### Concert of the Handel and Haydn Society.

It was truly inspiring, last Saturday night, and if one went there with any doubt or sorrow on his soul, it must have been like an influx of new life and strength to him, to hear once more that beautiful and lofty "Hymn of Praise," by Mendelssohn. How fervently and grandly it gives utterance, from first to last, to pure religious joy in life, to thanks! And how perfectly its sympathizing tones meet the soul waiting in darkness, and express the yearning, the excited expectation, and at last the coming of light; and then help to nerve the resolution to "cast off the works of darkness and gird on the armor of light"! Never had composer a grander theme, and he was no less fortunate in the selection of the words he had to set.

How distinctly and inspiringly the leading motive of a few notes, the watchword of Praise, rings through it all! *All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord!* Almost as intelligibly announced in the very opening of the instrumental Symphony, in the hoarse unison of trombones, as it is afterwards when the multitudinous choral voices take it up, and when again they shout it forth before the final Hallelujah.

We need not enter into any detailed description of the "Lobgesang," as that work was so fully done in these columns last year (See Journal of April 3 and 10, 1858). Suffice it to say, that the impression this time made was even greater than it was when it was performed then, for the first and only time until last Saturday. The only wonder is, that a work so exciting, so invigorating, so full of beauties and surprises, so original in conception, so novel and so clear and perfect in form,—a work containing so many elements of popularity, so easily appreciated, and so sure not to weary anybody, both from its shortness, and from its dramatic progress, and the art

with which it keeps expectation still alive and still does not disappoint,—that such a work should not have entered more frequently into the programmes of an Oratorio society so competent to do it justice. Coming at any time but at the fag end of a season, it must have been a sure card.

The performance this time was, at least so far as orchestra and chorus were concerned, highly satisfactory. The three Symphony movements, which prelude to the vocal parts, and which equal a regular Symphony in length, were nicely rendered. The first, *Maestoso con Moto*, the least so, perhaps, although it was made quite impressive. But the exquisite *Allegretto un poco agitato*, with its lovely melody, divided between string and reed bands, and afterwards alternating with the fresh strains of an old Chorale, wafted in as it were upon the breeze; and the profoundly tender, rich and solemn *Adagio religioso*, whose strange fragmentary figures of accompaniment, in the last bars, prepare the way so strangely and so excitingly for the entrance of the chorus: *All men, all things, &c., praise the Lord*, were played as clearly and as effectively as one could wish.

We know not when the Handel and Haydn Chorus have done their music or themselves more justice. Excepting, perhaps, a little lack of clearness and smoothness in the opening chorus, all the choruses were sung with admirable effect. In that sweet pathetic one: *All ye that cried unto the Lord*; in the passages which echo and sustain the burden of the lovely duet: *I waited for the Lord*; in the miraculous splendor of: *The night is departing*, with its blaze of high trumpet tones in thirds, and its inspired *girding on of the armor of light*; in that soul-uplifting, tranquillizing Chorale: *Nun danket alle Gott*, the effect of whose rich breadth of harmony is like that of standing on the sea-shore as the broad waves roll in, (the first stanza unaccompanied, the second buoyed up on bold figures of the stringed instruments, which are like the waves); and in the final exclamations: "Ye Nations, ye Monarchs," &c., all went clearly, grandly and impressively. Surely there are few things that Mendelssohn, or anybody else, has written, that are so exciting and so satisfying, or that illustrate a grand theme so grandly, as the musical climax which he gives us to these words:

ARR (tenor).—The sorrows of death had closed all around me, and hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me, with trouble and deep heaviness. But said the Lord, Come, arise from the dead, and awake thou that sleepest; I bring thee salvation.

—We called through the darkness, Watchman, will the night soon pass? The watchman only said, Though the morning will come, the night will come also. Ask ye, inquire ye, ask if ye will, enquire ye, return again, ask: Watchman, will the night soon pass? . . . . .

Soprano.—The night is departing!

CHORUS.—The night is departing; the day is approaching. Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird on the armor of light. The night is departing.

After the excitement of such a climax, one could subside into nothing so worthily as that great, broad, tranquil Chorale.

Mr. ADAMS, although not in his best voice, yet did good justice by the sweetness of his tones and the refinement and simplicity of his style, to the dramatic passages above, as well as to the fine recitative and aria: *Sing ye praise, and He counteth all your sorrows*. The soprano solos and duet were made quite effective in the brilliant voices of Mrs. LONG and Mrs. HARWOOD.



The Second Part of the Concert was miscellaneous, as follows:

1. Overture to "Der Freischütz." Weber.
2. Scena and Duet from "Il Trovatore." "Qual voce." Verdi.  
Mrs. Long and Mr. Henry Draper.
3. Cavatina from "Il Giuramento": "Or la sull' onda."  
Mrs. Harwood. Mercadante.
4. Grand Scena: Fall of Zion. Paesello.  
Mr. P. H. Powers.
5. Coronation March from the "Prophet." Meyerbeer.

Hardly such a miscellany as most minds would be in the mood for hearing after such a "Hymn of Praise," or as such a Society should spend its strength upon. A repetition of Part First, even, would have been far more edifying. But it was good, it is always good, (in itself, supposing the "Hymn" forgotten) to hear the ever fresh, ever romantic overture to the *Freyshütz*, which still excites the imagination like a new marvel, though you have heard it hundreds of times. Of course ZERRAHN's orchestra played it well. The *Trovatore* duet was an effective performance, and exhibited a rich, musical, well-cultivated baritone in Mr. HENRY DRAPER, — only somewhat affected with the prevailing trick of tremolo. Mrs. HARWOOD's voice was well suited to the florid cavatina by Mercadante — a piece of sweeter and sincerer melody than ever Verdi wrote — and was sung very satisfactorily. The rest we did not hear.

As this had been announced as a "Benefit Concert," with the hope of reaping some material harvest to make good in part the losses which the Society had sustained during the past season, one might reasonably have looked for a large audience. It was discouraging to find the Hall but half filled. This may have been wholly owing to the lateness of the season, and to various accidents — perhaps even to the departure from the usual habit of a Sunday evening performance. At all events, we do not think it should be taken too much to heart, nor suffered in the least to check the vigorous efforts of the Handel and Haydn Society another season. Let them be early in the field next autumn; let them adhere to great works, till audiences appreciate; waste no time on "Davids"; give occasionally such works as the "Hymn of Praise," with shorter miscellanies of a high and sacred character, and they will not need to despair now after forty years of standing up so bravely and in such good service.

We must not forget to mention a small, but very effectual improvement, which has been made in the general aspect of the Music Hall. The statue of Beethoven is at last relieved against a tasteful background, consisting of a curtain of deep crimson; and the niche in the middle of the upper end gallery is now occupied by a splendid cast of the Apollo Belvidere — the very same which has stood so many years in the Boston Athenæum; it lends a new and fitting glory to the Hall.

#### Musical Chit-Chat.

Our Concert season is quite over; it ended with the "Hymn of Praise." Nothing remains now but the Ullman Opera, which opened Thursday evening, with *Murtha*, to be followed last evening by *Lucrezia Borgia*, and a "Matinée" this afternoon. It will run a couple of weeks at least, and then very probably be followed by the Strakosch troupe, with Piccolomini, Colson, Cortesi, Brignoli, and the rest. . . . But there is still good music listened to in private;

witness what we have just come from hearing (2 P. M. Thursday), to-wit, the following piano-forte music: A fugue, by Bach; a *Ballade*, by Chopin; a quaint little fancy by Robert Schumann; the "Moonlight" Sonata of Beethoven; a wild Polonaise, by Chopin; a Romance, by Schumann; another, wilder, and most fiery Polonaise, by Chopin; another Romance, by Schumann; the *Variations Serieuses*, by Mendelssohn; two waltzes, by Chopin, cunningly divided by one of Schumann's little Album pieces. All these in a room full of the best listeners, mostly ladies, and with OTTO DRESEL for interpreter. . . . The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB are meditating upon the pleasant theme, which we trust they will succeed in working out, of visiting the White Mountains in the warm months, and from North Conway as a centre, giving some concerts in the principal mountain houses. . . . Señor de CASSERES has been giving several concerts in Worcester, where he has excited not a little interest. . . . Dr. WARD's amateur Opera, "The Gypsy Frolic," is to be performed in the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, early in June; Mrs. ESCOTT, Miss JULIANA MAY, and an amateur tenor are named as about to take part in it. . . . In Philadelphia the "Hymn of Praise" was to be performed this week by the Harmonia Sacred Music Society; besides also the *Inflammatus*, by Rossini, the Cherubim Chorus of Handel, extracts from "Moses in Egypt," &c. . . . WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT's Cantata, "The May Queen," consisting of an overture, choruses, recitatives, airs, trios, &c., which made so fine an impression in London, is in press, and will shortly be published entire by Oliver Ditson & Co. It contains some charming pieces, and is interesting as a whole.

There is a piece of musical criticism in last Wednesday's *New York Tribune*, so "bewilderingly beautiful" that we cannot forbear copying a portion of it. It is about Mme. DE WILLHORST, and begins thus:

An American lady, a New Yorker by birth, a young creature (we believe that's the proper word) nursed by the genius of Gothamite luxuries; nursed in the circle of "our best society," nursed between the termini of Stephen Whitney's dwelling on Bowling Green and the Ultima Thule of Union Square (that is dating before the brown-stone extemporizations of Fifth Avenue, leading out almost to the periphery of Olmstead's Central Park, which is progressing under the muscular influences of 2,500 of our adopted fellow-citizens), a young lady so reared, whose first words are the monosyllables of the mother's knee or the Lord's Prayer — and we mention incidentally that the genius of the language of Wm. Shakespeare and James Buchanan is monosyllabic — a young lady, to come to a conclusion, who is so reared, who allows her spirit to soar over waves and mountains, over the Atlantic and the Alps, and nestle in the polysyllabic effluences of the mother of arts and of arms — Italy, who imbibes not only the syntax, the prosody, the etymology, and the entire speaking apparatus of the *lingua Toscana* in the *Bocca Romana*, but adds to that the method and the style of the Italian singer — that royal inheritor of the lyrical voices of the Greek actors, whose mellifluous grandiosities in the immense theatres without any roofs, which have slept for 3,000 years — a young lady, who, not to make this sentence too Rufus Chanty — is a marvel whose extra-American and super Columbian-aquiline merits, ought to be aesthetically recognized. Sweet is recognition — in the street, in the ball-room, in the foyer — in literature. We tender this saccharine recognition to the fair New Yorker. She sings, indeed, like an Italian. No dazzling difficulty that the love-nourished Bellini heaped upon the muse of his "Puritani" is shirked by this interesting and charming young Gothamite prima donna. She showers the fioritura of "Elvira" with the most lavish mouth, &c., &c.

Ullman's Opera troupe (now here) seem to have excited much interest in Philadelphia. Last Saturday they gave a matinée, and the Oratorio of the "Creation" in the evening. The *Bulletin* says *Robert le Diable* never created more enthusiasm than it did this time, in the great performance of GAZZANIGA, LABORDE and FORMES. Of Gazzaniga it is said: "Her Alice was the best thing she has yet done, and this we say with a full remembrance of all the great points of her other characters. But for beautiful, versatile and impressive acting, and for correct, affecting singing, nothing that she has yet done has equalled this. Her voice never sounded

fuller, fresher, richer and more powerful than it did last night, and her old friends, moved by their old sensations, applauded her warmly." — The same paper says:

Accounts by private letters from the West Indies speak in the most flattering terms of the continued success of the Signorine Francesca and Agnese Natale, better known here as Miss Fanny and Miss Agnes Heron. After delighting the musical people of Caracas, where they first sang in opera, they went with Signor Rocco to St. Thomas and Porto Rico. They gave a number of concerts, which were very successful, and the ladies were loaded with honors and presents while Signor Rocco, the capital basso, came in for a corresponding share. Afterwards they secured a good tenor, Signor Da Costa; a fine pianist, M. Bérard; and other artists, and they have been giving a series of full operas in the chief towns of Porto Rico, Signor Rocco being the Director, and Signor Rinaldo business manager.

The young ladies have recently played in the operas of Ernani, Nabuco, La Traviata, Lucrezia, Norma, L'Elisir, La Figlia del Reggimento and Il Trovatore. In the latter, while Signorina Agnese was fine as *Leonora*, the splendid performance of Signorina Francesca as *Azucena* made the greatest sensation.

MR. JOHN CHURCH JR., formerly of this city, and well known to the musical public as connected with the establishment of Oliver Ditson & Co., has recently succeeded Messrs. Traux & Baldwin in the music business at the fine store No. 66 West Fourth St., Cincinnati. His facilities for furnishing all musical works, either in sheet or book form, is not exceeded by those of any house at the West. He will constantly be able to supply at wholesale or retail the issues of American and Foreign publishers, as also Piano Fortes, Melodeons, Guitars, and other musical instruments. Mr. C's long experience in the business has rendered him not only familiar with the wants of teachers and scholars but with the catalogues of the various publishers, so that he is able to fill all orders with promptness and in a most satisfactory manner. We commend him to the patronage and good will of our Western friends.

#### Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MAY 17. — The opera season at the Academy of Music, as now carried on by STRAKOSCH, is tolerably successful. The company is good, but the operas are not got up with care, and there is an occasional shiftlessness that is extremely annoying. No novelties have as yet been produced, though plenty are promised. Mrs. WILHORST sang last evening in *I Puritani*, and exhibited the most delicious execution and a voice of increased power; but she acted so carelessly — without the slightest effort to really act — that her performance was quite unsatisfactory. Yet she was liberally rewarded with bouquets and applause, in which none were more profuse than little PICCOLOMINI. To-morrow *Don Giovanni* will be produced. Strakosch goes to considerable expense in getting this opera ready. Besides his own troupe he has engaged GASSIER and PARODI, at two hundred dollars a night each, for the roles of the Don and Donna Anna. The rumored operatic season by MARETZKE, at the Metropolitan Theatre, has fallen through, and Strakosch has engaged CORTESI, the chief star of his troupe. This Cortesi has just returned from Mexico, and rumor says that she is a fine high pressure tragic singer, and will create a sensation. Rumor said the same of Alaimo and Alaimo failed.

The "Metropolitan Musical Association," is a new scheme got up by STRAKOSCH, BRISTOW and DODWORTH, who propose to give a series of ten concerts at the Academy of Music, the first to take place May 17. They have engaged an orchestra of eighty performers, the Harmonic Society Chorus, and Mrs. WILHORST, MILLS the pianist, and MOLLENHAUER, the violinist, for the first concert. Tickets for the ten are placed at five dollars for a gentleman and lady. Concerts to take place once a month.

Mr. BERGE, the organist of the Sixteenth Street Church of St. Francis Xavier, of whose resignation I have previously spoken, has been recalled, and has resumed his position with his old choir.

ARTHUR NAPOLEON has returned from the South after a tolerably successful tour, and will remain some time in New York.

Oh! the singing men and the singing women in New York! The tribes of opera people wanting to sing in public! The Prime Donne!! The Bassi!! The Baritoni!! I will in my next send you a list of them. What are they to do? TROVATORE.



BERLIN, MAY 2.—In the "*Cecilia*," Vol. 33, p. 50, is a notice of Prof. FISCHOFF's collection of musical works. That gentleman was appointed professor of the pianoforte in the Conservatorium at Vienna in 1833; became famous not only as an instructor but as a collector, and died within the last two or three years—the date at this moment escapes me. In 1844, Alois Fuchs sent the notice of his library to the *Cecilia*; since which time the collection has increased to such an extent as to bear quite another character. But to Fuchs' notice.

"This collection has been made with special care and with great skill in selection. It contains—not to mention a great mass of chamber music—a rich selection of pianoforte schools, methods of teaching, exercises and works of a similar character, containing instructions from the first beginning to the utmost perfection of pianoforte playing. As the owner has kept his eye constantly upon older works of this class, and has been so happy as to obtain the most rare and important, these works offer what Prof. Fischhoff intended, all the materials necessary for a history of the development and progress of the art of playing keyed instruments from the very beginning of Solo playing. The collection is not wanting in the works of the most distinguished organist."

At present the collection consists of some 6000 numbers, at the least estimate. Of Theory, History and Miscellanea—many of great value, but mostly in the collections already bought for the Boston Library—there are some 600 volumes. But what gives the collection its highest value, is its now huge mass of *practical music*—as the Germans call it—that is, Scores and everything of that sort. This department of the Library embraces in the catalogue over 5000 numbers. There are in round numbers 500 Orchestral Scores of Operas, Oratorios, Symphonies, Concertos, &c. Among them the publications of the Handel (London) Society, the Bach Society, &c., Mozart's works, Beethoven, Gluck, and so on. Of which five sixths is printed music, and of the other sixth much which never was printed. There are also some 300 arrangements for pianoforte of Orchestral Scores. Bach is represented by four to five hundred works—some only in manuscript. There are some sixty pages of music, autograph of Beethoven. Fischhoff in fact, had made his collection one of the finest among the private ones of Germany.

Well, say you, what then? Only this: that, in purchasing for the Boston Library, works upon music, not music itself, have been bought, knowing that in time the opportunity would come to get such a collection as this. Of the value of this, such a general description can give no idea. It is precisely what is now needed for the foundation of our *great* collection of practical music. For terms apply to the Editor of the JOURNAL OF MUSIC, for it is for sale.

Speaking of Libraries, Prof. Netto, long in Halle, is now blind, and has moved to Berlin. The other day I was in Weber's Antiquarian bookstore.

"What on earth are all those books, lying there?" a huge cartload at least.

"That is a Homer Library," said he carelessly.

A day or two afterward I found the books "stacked up."

I.—"So, that's the Homer library?"

W.—Yes—looks well, don't it.

I.—Indeed it does. How many volumes are there?

W.—I have hardly an idea. I suppose when I make the catalogue, there will be at least 200 numbers,—some five or six hundred volumes.

I.—Oh, more than that, I think. What are they mostly?

W.—German books—but a few English and French—all on Homer.

I.—How many Editions do you suppose there are of the old Bard?

W.—Have hardly any idea, must be a hundred, I think; shall not know until a catalogue is made.

I.—Many old ones?

W.—1523, 1524, 1535, 1541, 1553, Venice, Basle, Strassburg, these you see are there, and I know that there are a great many from 1600 to 1700. There are all sorts of commentaries, dissertations, everything the poor old man could collect all his life. But he can't use them any longer, and must sell.

"Thinks I to myself"—If any body 'out side' wants a Homer Library, here is a chance.

A. W. T.

HARTFORD, CONN., MAY 16.—What should we do without the negro minstrels—the "Buckley's," the "Campbell's," the "Sanford Troupe," the "New Orleans Srenaders," and a host of other companies—who always draw immense audiences wherever they perform—none greater, I understand, than those at the South, in the midst of the very ones whom they caricature and burlesque? There is a strange fascination about them, which has proved itself for over twenty years—from "Jim Crow Rice" to the present time; and still the attraction is unabated. Think of the fortune E. P. Christy has made in New York, through the agency of banjos and "burnt cork!"—riding on Broadway like a prince; and "Matt Peel," too, one of the very best of the Ethiopian delineators, who lately died in Buffalo, leaving a large fortune from "rattling the bones!" In England these negro bands "take" immensely, and even in Paris, the "Christy" entertainments have been crowded. How a Frenchman can enjoy any thing of the kind, I cannot understand; but it is told that their appreciation of the jokes hardly falls short of our own, purely from imagination; so much so that when "Pompey" merely cries out, "All right," it is enough to bring down tremendous applause from the Gallic audience. Just as it is in the German theatres, whenever in a play, an English character exclaims, "Gott tam," it is received with intense delight, and is always considered a great "hit."

Well, we have had the "minstrels" here, lately, in profusion. The "Sandford Troupe" came first, and Town Hall was completely packed with people to see and hear them. They were here two evenings, and met with great success. The next week appeared the "New Orleans Metropolitan Troupe," and they, too, attracted crowded houses. A day or two since the exciting and important news burst upon us that the "Campbells are coming!" They have "come," and are filling their hall every night. And now again to-day, as I passed along the street, I was highly gratified to learn that the "Morris, Brothers" celebrated troupe will shortly appear! And still I don't believe that they will go away penniless.

Friday evening, while American Hall was crammed to listen to the "Campbells," Town Hall was also filled to hear Madame BISACCANTI and her assistants, Mr. WILLIAM H. DENNETT, Basso, Mr. G. T. EVANS, Pianist, and Sig. A. BISACCANTI, violoncellist. It was one of the finest and most select audiences that has been seen in Hartford for a long time. Mme. Biscaccanti sang most delightfully, and was received with tumultuous applause every time she appeared, being *encored*, as is the present outrageous fashion, at the close of each of her pieces named on the programme, thereby making the second part of the concert quite tedious. Mr. Dennett is not a remarkably pleasing singer—possessing a good clarabellow voice of considerable compass, but not much power, and apt to be somewhat out of tune. We should advise him not to sing *Non piu Andrai* in any place where Formes has sung it, unless he is a particular friend of the latter and is desirous that people should see the difference between a splendid and a meagre performance of it. The piano was either too loud for his voice, or his voice too weak for the piano—I can hardly tell which. At any rate, it was not satisfactory. Schubert's "Serenade" was exquisitely sung and played by Signor and Madame Biscaccanti,—the former accompanying upon the violoncello. Mr. Evans is one of the very best accompanists upon the piano-forte I ever heard. His solos, such as Mason's "Silver Spring," Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," &c., were well played. By close practice he might become one of the finest performers in the country. No singer, since Jenny Lind, has pleased the Hartford people to such a high degree as Madame Biscaccanti. As a testimonial of appreciation of her powers, she was presented, at the close of the concert, with an immense floral star, made up of the choicest flowers, by one of our choicest damsels.

H.

## Special Notices.

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#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Mary May, Ballad. T. Banks. 55  
My brother dear. Song. T. H. Howe. 25  
The Silver River. Song. B. C. Blodgett. 25  
What's a tear. Song. M. W. Balfe. 25

Pleasing little ballads for the home circle.

- Underneath. Words by John S. Adams. Music by L. O. Emerson. 25

A gem of a poem, suggested by the many treasures of beauty hidden "underneath" the surface of trifling things. The music is of a popular character and may be performed either as a song or as a duet.

- O take me from these marble halls. Wilson. 25

Words adapted to the beautiful melody which forms the groundwork upon which Pauer, the French composer, has built his celebrated Etude de Concert: La Cascade.

- I must depart from thee. Duet. Stephen Glover. 30

An excellent addition to Glover's bright wreath of vocal duets. Adapted for female voices.

- Sweet tie of friendship. (Sacra la scelta.) Luisa Miller. 25

- In childhood we wandered. (Dall' aule raggi-auto.) Luisa Miller. 25

The first is a melodious Romanza, the second an uncommonly pleasing and easy Duet for alto and baritone. These songs from "Luisa Miller" deserve to be extensively known; they are eminently worthy of the composer of *Trovatore* and *Traviata*.

#### Songs, with Guitar Accompaniment.

- Rest thou troubled heart. (Lay of Pestal.) Arranged by T. B. Bishop. 25

- I wandered by the brookside. " 25

- Midnight moon. Duet by Glover. Arranged by F. Weiland. 30

- Now the early morn. (Parigi o cara.) " 25

- When stars are in the quiet skies. " 25

#### Instrumental Music.

- Il Trovatore. (Illustrations operatiques.) Charles Fraedel. 35

Sweetmeats for young players.

- Overture Huguenots. Meyerbeer. 60

This popular overture needs no recommendation. Most piano players will delight in reproducing its enchanting and soul-stirring strains.

- Valse, opus 70. (Posthumous works.) Chopin. 25

A very beautiful waltz, strongly infused with the peculiarities of this remarkable musician.

- New Lancers' Quadrille, with new figures. Charles D'Albert. 35

This quadrille is very high in favor with the fashionable circles of England as a substitute for last season's Lancers.

#### Books.

- THE CHILD'S FIRST MUSIC BOOK. For the Pianoforte. By J. T. Craven. 50

The popularity of this book for beginners has induced the publisher to issue this new and greatly improved edition. For the youngest scholars it will be found exceedingly useful.

